JEANNETTE--A Short Story by BOOTH TARKINGTON

were all fond of the gentlest patient in the place, and they spoke of him as "Uncle Charley," though he was so sweetly dig nified that usually they addresse him as "Mr. Blake," even when it was necessary to humor his delusion The delusion was a misfortune painful only to himself. For all that, it closed him in as completely as if he had been walled up in concrete. Moreover, one day he was a sane man and the next he was in custody as a lunatic, yet nothing had happened in this little interval to account for a seizure so instantaneous.

In 1904 no more commonplace young man could have been found in any of the great towns of our eastern and near eastern levels. "Well brought up." he had inherited the quiet manner, the good health and the moderate wealth of his par-

It was in the autumn of the just mentioned that he went for It was in the autumn of the year just mentioned that he went for the first time to Europe, accompanying his sister. Mrs. Gordon Troup, an experienced traveler. She took him through the English cathedrals, then across the channel, and they arrived unfatigned at her usual hotel in Paris after dark on a clear November evening. Mrs. Troup's three-year-old daughter. Jeannette, with a nurse, completed the small party.

They dined in the salon of their apartment, and at about 9 o'clock, as they finished their coffee, Mrs. Troup suggested the theater—a pantomime or ballet for preference, since her brother's unfamiliarity with the French language rapidly spoken might give him a dull evening at a comedy. So they went to the Marigny, where they saw part of a potpourri, called a "revue," and they left the Marigny for the Folies Bergeres. The "revue" at the Folies Bergeres was even feebler, Mrs. Troup observed to her brother, and much bolder than that at the Marigny; the feebleness was in the wit, the boldness in the anatomical exposures, which were somewhat discomfiting—"even for Paris," she said.

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SHE remembered afterward that he remained silent, frowning at the stage, where some figurantes just then appeared to be dressed in ball gowns, until they turned, when they appeared to be dressed almost not at all. "Mercy!" said Mrs. Troup, and presently asked her brother if he would mind taking her back to the hotel; so much dullness and so much brazenness together fatigued her, she explained.

And thus began his delusion—his long, long delusion, which knew no variation in the sixteen years it possessed him. Mrs. Troup had him quietly brought home to a suburban sanatorium convenient for her to visit at intervals. He was the most tractable patient in the institution, so long as his delusion was discreet-ty humored; yet it is probable that the complete record of kleptomania He was the most

would not disclose a more expert

THIS was but a natural outgrowth This was but a natural outgrowth of this disease, which within a year or two had developed to the point of fine legerdemain, and at the end of ten years Dr. Cowrie, the chief at the sanatorium, declared that fore the devoted lady took her his patient, Uncle Charley Blake. could "steal the trousers off a man's where for a month they lived in a delegs without the man himself being aware of it." It, is certain that "Uncle Charley" could steal the most "Uncle Charley" could steal the most carefully fastened and safety-pinned apron from a nurse, without the nurse's being aware of it. Indeed, attendants, nurses and servants who wore aprons learned to remove them before entering his room, for the most watchful could seldom prevent what seemed a miraculous exchange, and "Indee Charley" would be ween. and "Uncle Charley" would be wear-ing the apron that seemed but a moment before to be secure upon the

intruder.

He read nothing, had no diversions and was immersed in the sole preoccupaion of devising means to obtain garments which, immediately occupaion of devising means tain garments which, immediately after he put them on, were dissolved into nothingness, so far as his consciousness was concerned. Mrs. Troup made efforts to interest him in "books and the outside world." kindly efforts that only irritated him. "How and the outside world," kindly efforts that only irritated him. "How can I read books and newspapers?" he inquired peevishly from under the bed, where he received her. "Don't you know any better than to talk about intellectual pursuits to a man that hasn't got a sitch of clothes to his name? Please use your reason a little. Frances!"

Mrs. Troup sighed and rose to de-part—but found that her fur cloak had disappeared under the bed. In fact, he had explained his conin fact, he had explained his condition to her quite perfectly; it was merely an excessive protraction of the nervous anxiety experienced by a rational person whose entire wardrobe is missing. No sensitive gentleman, under such circumstances. has attention to spare from his ef-fort to clothe himself; and all in-formation not bearing upon that getting down from



brother had without doubt passed the night in his own room. Her little girl's nurse woke her he next morning, and the woman's voice and expression showed such distress that Mrs. Troup discovered. He little girl's nurse woke her he next morning, and the woman's voice and expression showed such distress that Mrs. The pattern with Jeannette."

"No. ma'am. It is Mr. Blake."

"It hink so—that is, I don't know, ma'am. A valet-de-chambre went into his room half an hour go an M. What?"

"Perhaps you'd better come and see, ma'am. The valet-de-chambre is very frightened of him."

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"But it was poor, young Mr. Blake."

"But it was poor, young Mr. Blake."

"But was morn affail oddy else, for that matter, as Mrs. Troup discovered. He declined to come out from under the bed so long as she and the nurse and the valet were present.

"But what's the matter, Charley, dear," she saked, greatly dear," she saked, greatly dear, which is she began to laugh. Good heavens— mesdanes." the valet explicitly dear she saked greatly dear word of the declined of the word of the word of the declined of the word of the

him away, he was in everything—except a body forty-six years old—the same young man who had arrived in Paris on a November evening in 1904. His information, his point of view and his convictions were those of a commonplace, well-brought-up, conventional young American of that period; he had merely to bridge the period; he had merely to bridge the

the convalescent's mind, and there- man? fore the devoted lady took her brother to a mountain health resort, where for a mount they lived in a detached cottage, walked footpaths in the woods, went to bed at 9, and the woods, went to bed at 9, and the woods went to be well as the woods went to be well as the woods went to be we know," Mrs. Troup explained. Troup explained. The we know, we know, where the we know, which is the woods we know, which is the weak of the we know, which is the weak of the brother to a mountain health resort,

woman's rights, socialism, blue Sundays, prohibition and what not. I've heard of such people—heard jokes about 'em—but never in my life met a person that went in seriblue herself.", ously for any of 'em. How on earth was afraid, from what you told me of did it all happen?"

did it all happen?"
Upon this she was able to enlighten him but feebly, and he rubbed his forehead again.
"It's no use," he told her. "There's no reason behind these things; the only thing to do is to realize that the world's gone crazy."

Mr. Blake want to his afternoon. the world's gone crazy."

Mr. Blake went to his afternoon nap shaking his head, but in silence. Naturally he was confused by what he heard from her, and once or twice he was confused by some things he saw, though in their secusion he saw little. One mistake he made, however, amazed his sister.

From their pleasant veranda a rounded green slope descended slowly to the level lawn surrounding the Georgian upheavings of 32 end-less hotel; and at a port cochere of this hotel a dozen young women, come from a ride on the hills, were getting down from their saddles.

Troup informed him. "She makes it herself from a recipe; it's quite simple I believe."

"And she carries this flask—"

"Oh. not all the time!" Mrs. Troup protested, laughing. "Only to dances and girls' lunches." And, observing her brother's expression, she added: "Of course, she never takes too much; you mustn't get a wrong idea of Jeannette. She and all the girls of her set don't believe in that, at all—I'm positive none of them has ever been intoxicated. They have the yery lighest principles."

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carry these liquids about with them in the most exquisite flasks. Jeannette has one—a boy friend gave it to her—and it must have been made by a silversmith who is a real artist It must have been fearfully expen Mr. Blake's open mouth remained

distended for a moment. "Your Jeannette!" he exclamied. "Why,

"Oh, he's one of the nicest boys tached cottage, walked footpaths in the woods, went to bed at 9, and made no acquaintances. Mrs. Troup dispensed with newspapers for the time, but she had brought such books as she thought might be useful; and every day she talked to him as instructively as she could, of the terrific culminations history had seen during the latter part of his incarceration.

"I declare!" he said. "No sensible person could make head or tail of it, if I may use such an expression. I never dreamed anything could actually come of all these eccentricities —woman's rights, socialism, blue

TEANNETTE'S uncle uttered sigh J of relief. "I should think not! I her flask---" . "Oh, in that." said Mrs. Troup,

"she keeps gin." "Gin?" he said in a whisper. "Gin?"
"She's rather fond of gin," Mrs.
Troup informed him. "She makes
it herself from a recipe; it's quite

their saddles. "Yes; you see, Jeannette has read by the porter. Her brother, in the

have no influence with her."
"You haven't?"
"No." And upon this Mrs. Troup became grayer. "I don't think her father would have had any either. if he had lived. Jeannette always seemed to think he was just a joke. even when she was a child. The truth is, she's like a great many of her friends; they seem to lack the quality of respect. I noticed it first when she was thirteen years old. It

duality of respect. I noticed it first when she was thirteen years old. It seemed to break out on her, as it were, that year."

"How did it happen?"

"Why, we were staying at a summer hotel, a rather gay place, and I'm afraid I left her too much to her governess—I liked tangoing—"

"Tangoing?" he said i 'iringly.

"Was it a game?"

"No; a dance. They called it 'the tango'; I don't know why. And there was 'turkey-trotting.' too—"

","Turkey-trotting.' too—"

","Turkey-trotting?" he said husk-lily.

"Tangoing?" he said husk-lily.

"Tankey-trotting?" he said husk-lily.

"Tankey-trotting?" he said husk-lily. * * * *

WELL, that," she explained, "was Bullier. In fact, you saw it yourself, Charles. A couple danced the short-coated men among them the short-coated men among the

"BUT NO, MADAME!" THE VALET EXPLAINED. "HE IS DRESSED ENTIRELY. IF YOU WILL STOOP AND

"You said she's arguing. With whom?"
"The musicians. They began to play 'The Maiden's Dream,' but she wants something livelier."
"Livelier?"
"I must run," Mrs. Troup shouted. "Do hurry, Charles."
Charles rose, completed his toilet and stepped outside his door.

great tropical flowers in haphasard clusters and flaring again, in their WELL, that," she explained, "was unfamiliar colors, from the reflecting darkness of the polished floor; such dresses as he had never seen; and Bullier. In fact, you saw it your- and from these clusters and from the second from the second

once or twice, and then under chance of the state of the



"HE CAN ANSWER RIGHT OFF THE REEL THIS IS THE 27TH OF MAY AND JUST TWO YEARS AGO TODAY WAS THE FIRST TIME SHE SAT IN HIS LAP AT THE PICTURE SHOW."

of the editor: Every little wile somebody writes a letter to paper in regards to the divorce evil and what are we goin to do to stop it and etc. and the editor prints the letter like he sympathized with the first time you let me hold your more to say about Dempsey and the greek god, why if it wasn't for the greek god, which wasn't for the greek god, why if it wasn't for the greek god, why if it wasn't for the greek god, which wasn't for the greek god, why if it wasn't for the greek god wasn't for the greek g divorce evil, the newspapers would be duller reading than a letter from your wife.

Personly I don't se no harm in a good divorce and by a good divorce I mean one that the details of it is numerous and comical enough numerous and comical enough to keep it on the first page at lease 2 wks., but I do think public interest, in divorce cases will die out sooner or later unlest the partys conserned displays a little originality once in a

displays a little originality once in a wile, like for inst. they might at lease pick out a co-respondent that can write a 50 wd. letter without makeing 49 mistakes in grammar.

However if divorce is a evil, like so many people claims to think, why I suppose they should be some method found, for wiping it out and personly I think this could be done easy enough if it was went at in the right way, namely by starting some kind of a school for boys and gals that wants to get marred and makethat wants to get marred and makeing them learn the technical pts. of matrimeny and pass a rigid examination in same before they are granted a diploma and license. The safest way of course would be to pass a law vs. anybody marring the first time, but the country ain't ripe for that yet so the next best thing is the school.

TEACHERS for a school like this kind would half to be recruited the course would half to be laid out

fectation for a freek they will half to work out their own salvation as you couldn't expect no teacher to learn you how to handle them with out a personal knowledge of their CUP OF VOLSTEAD COFFEE." learn you now to nandle them without a personal knowledge of their
special flaws. But at lease 99 per
cent of all brides and grooms is
either average or just below same,
so anybody that has been marred to one or more average husbands or wifes for say 5 to 10 yrs. would be qualified for a instructor. Personly my other dutys would

"BUT NO, MADAME!" THE VALET EXPLAINED. "HE IS DRESSED ENTIRELY. IF YOU WILL STOOP AND qualified for a instructure driving would be proved that the provided for a instruction of the stage in Prance, because and on the stage in Prance, because that short just done exactly what men and on the stage in Prance, because that short just done exactly what he police."

"But in France." he interrupted. "He wised his forehead again, and inquired: "You say she's given dances which is any provided his forehead again, and inquired: "You say she's given dances which is any provided his forehead again, and inquired: "You say she's given dances which is a given to be added."

"He paused, then added thought folly." "Of course, Jeannette smokes."

"To for course, Jeannette smokes."

"To for course, Jeannette smokes."

"Oh, that's nothing at all." she is said hardly." "They what to prevent me excepting a teachers possible and besides which I maybe as find might not be said to make a good humor. When a great might not be all the called average, and the group of the stage of the said in the stage of course. We won't reach the said in stage of course. We won't reach the said in stage in the said in stage of the said in stage of the said in the stage of the said in the

History-The husband must * * * *

LAST but not least, a husband should ought to know when to confide in his wife and when not to, as it is a well known fact that a woman's intuition is a whole lot more than a man's judgment and they's many a time when she is libel to give him a hunch that will help him in business or personal affairs. Like for inst. every woman in the world thought Carpentian and win. So



"HE MUST PRETEND HIS IDEAL

be sure and trust the wife's instinct when some important question comes up like shall I let the cat ist or leave her out.

As far as future brides is concerned.

As far as future brides is concerned, they must be taught that nature has so constituted man that they's certain times in the day when he is cross and oher times when he is in a good humor. When a tride has learned this she can lay her plans accordingly. The times of day when a man is in good humor is generally always always hetween 2.01 and 2.02.

from the ranks of the Benedicks and on gen. lines, that is on the theory that the perspective bride and groom is going to marry an average party and not a freek. When a man or lady forms an af-